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Failure

[image]

A quick warning before we start
There will be:
Self harm
Self hate
Suicidal thoughts/actions
Angst
So if any of this triggers you then just don't read the story - Anders

_____

"You are worthless! A failure!"
Those were the last words Germany heard before his father stormed out. He had been biting down on his lip to prevent the tears falling but as soon as he was sure his father was gone he broke down. The hot tears poured from his eyes and stung his cheeks. His glasses became wet with his tears and he threw them to the side. This happened nearly every day now. He and his father would fight, his father would leave and he would cry. But this time he was broken. He couldn't take it anymore. He walked into the kitchen and grabbed a knife. He mutilated his wrists until he couldn't see anything but blood. He could barely feel anything anymore anyway. He wanted pain. He wanted to hurt physically like his father hurt him mentally. As he looked down at the tears, blood, and saliva on his hands, he scoffed. *Pathetic.* He thought. *He was right about you, you're pathetic. Weak. A failure.* He sighed and stood up, taking the knife to the sink and washing it. He ran some cold water over his wrists and bandaged them quickly. He then proceeded to wash up all of the blood. This quickly became Germany's daily routine.

_____

243 words. I know it's kinda short but I got writers block half way through. I hope you enjoy anyway! I'll try to update as often as possible. - Anders

Secrets

[image]

What's this? Two chapters in a day? I got over my writers block! Even though this kinda sucks- Oh Wellz - Anders

_____

Germany now walked around with bandaged wrists and a broken smile. He seemed so happy but he was lying to himself. He was lying to everyone. He couldn't be happy no matter how hard he tried, not anymore. What hurt him most was lying to Russia. Often times he'd stare at his wrists and imagine what Russia would think about him after this. He wondered what any of his friends would think. That was when he decided that this couldn't go on any longer. He had to tell someone. You'd think it would be Russia but he actually decided that he'd tell Poland, his best friend. And he tried. He really tried. But he couldn't. That's when he knew he could never tell anyone.

Later that night when he and Russia were laying in bed, the Russian asked about the bandages and Germany shrugged it off and told him it was nothing. Great, more secrets to keep.

_____

180 words. I got writers block again. Great. It's even shorter than the last one. You guys are probably going to hate this. - Anders

Please eat

[image]

Eyyyyyy, I'm sick so have more sad. Inspired a by "Please eat" By Nicole Dollanganger. - Anders

---

Germany sighed as he watched Russia make breakfast that he knew he wouldn't eat. And if he did, he'd probably get sick afterwards. "Is there something wrong, my love?" The Russian asked, hearing Germany sigh.
"Nien... I'm ok.. Just tired from work.." Germany lied. He was tired of lying but he knew it would hurt Russia so much to see Germany doing this to himself. So he'd keep lying for now. Russia piled waffles, eggs, bacon and sausage on his plate. The small German felt so guilty for having to waste so much food so he'd try to eat as much as possible. The taller male handed the plate to Germany, kissing his forehead. "Thank you.." Germany mumbled, picking up a fork. He picked at his plate a bit, taking a few bites and trying not to gag. Russia was watching with a concerned look on his face. "Germany... What's wrong?.." Germany mentally panicked but remained calm on the outside. "Nothing, I-" "Don't lie to me Germany." The German sighed. *Now's the time, I guess.* He thought. "Russia I... I can't eat.. I don't have motivation and I get sick when I do.." Russia gasped slightly and instantly pulled Germany into his arms. "Germany... You know it's not your body that I need, but that's what sleeps next to me. And you're killing it. You're killing the only piece of you I can touch. Please eat." Russia had tears streaming out of his eyes. Germany had never seen him cry. Ever. And that's when he knew he had to get help. If not for himself, for Russia. He kissed Russia's tears away and smiled. "I'll try. I promise."

---

296 words. I cried like twice writing this but I was listening to the song at the same time so.. Yeah. I tried to put more effort in but that doesn't mean it's any better. But enjoy anyway! - Anders

Healing

[image]

Heyyy, I'm finally making a happy chapter on account of me not being depressed, yayy. Warning: This one's super angsty - Anders

_____

Germany was certainly healing. He was comfortable enough to take the bandages off his wrists. He had eventually ended up telling his friends about the cutting and they were working on helping him as much as they could. Now that just left his father. The reason any of this was happening anyway. He was meeting him today to talk about it. Germany just hoped it went well.

So here he sat. At a table in a café, waiting for his father to show up. He sighed as the man walked through the door. He straightened his back as his father rushed over, pulling him into a very uncomfortable hug. "Sit." Germany said in a monotone voice.
"Germany, are you-"
"I'm fine."
"Where have you-"
"Staying with Russia."
All of his answers came instantly. He knew how little his father really cared. So he didn't bother thinking too much. If his father didn't care, why would he? "You ruined everything, you know." His father said, scowling. "We had a great reputation and you ruined it." Germany sighed. He was used to hearing things like this but this time, he wasn't having it. "I gave you everything. It was always, "Behave yourself Germany." Or "Stay out of it Germany." And that's exactly what I did. What more do you want from me?! I already live in a cage!" He raised his voices at his father for the first time in his life. And it felt *amazing. "*You're so pathetic!" His father yelled back. "All you do is whine about how hard your life was! You know what, maybe you should have killed yourself. I wouldn't miss you. Nobody would." The young German felt his face burning with rage and tears coming but he wouldn't let himself cry. "What the hell is wrong with you?!" People were staring at them at this point. "Is this how

little you think of me? I'm your son." He stood up, still not letting tears fall. "I don't understand why you're so angry." His father said. "I have a right to be angry. You hurt me. For 19 and a half years. And now, I'm done. Get out of my life." Germany hissed before storming out.

_____

392 words. Ayyyyy, A real angsty chapter, but maybe the best yet. I actually really like this one - Anders

A/N

[image]

Ok, so I know I said that last chapter would be happy but- oops- I promise, a happy chapters coming soon- when I'm not so fucking sad. Hahaha, I need help - Anders.

Dr. Phil (Part one)

[image]

Lmao, ok. This was a request from Bluebunny2017 I thought it was a good idea so here's a chapter.

_____

Germany's interview.
"My father is... Terrible. To say the least. Just constantly insulting me or looking down on me. I was never good enough for him. But it's just gotten so much worse... I've hurt myself because he's hurt me. I'm just... I was broken. I'm healing now but this has to stop."

Germany was sitting on stage, right in front of Doctor Phil, chewing on his nails like an idiot. "So Germany." Dr. Phil started, causing Germany to look up. "You're father has been abusive to you correct?" Germany just nodded. "And how long has this been going on for?" Germany sighed. He never liked thinking about this, but he had to. "Since I can remember, sir. I'm tired of it." Dr. Phil had an all to knowing look on his face. "I understand. You've harmed yourself because of this correct?" "Yes sir." Germany rolled up his sleeves to reveal the cuts, which were nothing more than scars now. The audience gasped and Germany looked down. "I haven't been eating right and it's stressing my boyfriend out.. It's just... Terrible." "Tell me a little more about your boyfriend." Germany smiled. "He's just... The sweetest thing. So protective but not overly protective. He might seem tough but he's just a cinnamon roll. We've been together for a few years now and he's the best thing that ever happened to me." Russia stepped onto the stage and sat next to Germany, grabbing the smallers hand. Germany sighed and leaned against Russia. "Now Russia, have you ever met Germany's father?" Dr. Phil asked. "Yes, a few times. He's a horrible man. Just lashing out an anyone who isn't perfect in his eyes. He's worse than my father and he used to starve me." At that moment, subtle boot clicks could be heard and everyone looked toward the source. The short, yet terrifying man known as the Third Reich walked toward the stage, with his hands folded behind his back. The whole audience was silent and when Third finally sat down he looked into

Germany's eyes and said, "Hallo Sohn."

---

368 words. And that's all you get! You're welcome Bluebunny2017. I hope you like it!

Dr. Phil (Part 2)

[image]

Ayy, I went to a wedding today. Here's a story update.
Bluebunny2017

Third sat down across from his son who had almost chewed all the skin off his fingers. Germany instantly looked down out of habit. "So, Mr. Reich. I want to ask you, are you proud of yourself? You've tortured this poor boy. I mean, he's obviously tired of it" Third just smiled, his teeth sharp as ever. "I torture people for a living. It's just what I do." "But this is your own son, it should be different." Russia chimed in. "Shut your mouth. You have no right to speak." Third scowled. "He has just as much right as you papa, and you know it! He hasn't put me through hell like you have! He was there for me when you weren't!" Germany balled his fists but then relaxed. "You little-" Third stood up but didn't move before sitting back down. "Mr. Reich, your son technically is right. You've been a horrible parent." Dr. Phil stated the obvious. "You think you can just tell me how to parent my child?! I'm trying to toughen him up!" Third yelled, causing the audience to go silent again. "You hated me, because I wasn't like you! I didn't want to be like you! You hurt innocent people while I watched, for all those years! I didn't want that!" Germany felt the tears coming and he didn't stop them. "I'm doing what's right! You should want this!" After 10 minutes of back and forth between Germany and his father, Third stormed off the stage. Germany was in tears and shaking. He was beyond upset and angry. He ended up running backstage as Russia followed.

---

284 words. Oh boy my wrists hurt after this one but I had to finish it for you, Bluebunny2017! Hope you like!

Requests?

[image]

Ok, so I have a major case of writers block. Do any of you have requests? Because I actually had so much fun writing Bluebunny2017 's request and I think if I got a request I could get out of my writers block idk. Anyway just comment your request. Thanks! - Anders

Beauty

[image] [image]

Well, would you look at that, a happy rusger fluff chapter. I hope you enjoy me not being so fucking sAd.

_____

Germany was staring at himself in the mirror, hating the way he looked. His hair was too long, he was too short, too skinny, his glasses were terrible and all that stuff. He slid off his glasses and sighed. He dug around in the cabinets and found some hair scissors, taking them to his shoulder length, black hair. When he got finished it looked like this:

He looked in the mirror and smiled. *Better.* He thought. He found some contacts and put them in his eyes, changing their color. He found his shoes and slid some insoles to make him taller. He put on highwaisted pants to make him thiccer. He stepped out when he was satisfied. Russia was laying on the bed and looked up at Germany. "D-Do you like it?" Germany asked. "Of course. I'll always like how you look." "But, it's better now right?" Germany asked. "It was fine before." Russia responded truthfully. "You're being silly. Let me show you something." Russia walked into the bathroom, putting on Germany's glasses and old clothes. He stepped out, smiling. "See? You still like the way I look right?" Russia asked. "Ja, of course, mein liebe." Germany responded. Germany instantly saw what Russia meant. "Oh. I guess I am being silly." He went back to the bathroom, pulling out the contacts and taking his glasses back. He put them on along with his other clothes. He smiled, realizing how good he actually looked. His taller boyfriend came up behind him and wrapped his arms around his waist. "See. You're a beauty. An absolute beauty."
Yeah. A beauty.

_____

291 words. Eyyyy, this turned out real cute, I love it so much. I hope you do too!

This is love

[image]

Eyyy, a song fic. Inspired by This is Love by Air Traffic Controller. Not related to the actual story but I have no where else to post it so yeah. Also, not doing the whole song, I'm hella lazy and hella tired.

You're no good, you're no good. You could kill me and you should.
USSR stared down at the man who was now laying on the floor. "Pathetic." He hissed. "I could kill you right now if I wanted." "You *could.* You *should.* But you *won't.*" Nazi purred, knowing exactly what would happen. Same as always, USSR would threaten him but two hours later they'd be perfectly fine. Same as every other day. "What makes you say that?" USSR asked though he knew that Nazi was right. "Because you *love* me. No, you *need* me. So do you mind helping me up?" Nazi held out his hand. Reluctantly, Soviet pulled Nazi up and growled. "God, you're annoying as hell." "Mhm, sure." Nazi rolled his eyes and left.
You'll forgive me if I promise and do nothing but the same.
"You know what you did!" Nazi screamed in anger as he stormed out of the house. They had gotten into another argument again. USSR had made the mistake of raising a hand to Nazi. And *oh boy* Nazi was pissed. He had already packed all of his things. "Reich please... Get back inside." USSR pleaded. "Fuck you! You don't have the right to-" USSR silenced his smaller lover with a kiss. Nazi tried to pull away at first but eventually melted right into the kiss. USSR soon pulled away, smiling. "I'm sorry. It won't happen again." He lied. "Promise?" "Promise" Nazi knew it was a lie, but followed Soviet back into the house anyway.
It's pathetic, I know. A jealous fool who won't let go.
Reich was talking with Fascist Italy. Perhaps for too long. In USSR's eyes, *way too long.* The Russian stood up and stormed over, grabbing Nazi's arm, dragging him away. "Soviet, what the-" "I don't like him." USSR interrupted. "Gets too close to you." Nazi rolled his eyes. "We're friends, oh wait, you don't have friends, you wouldn't know that." Soviet dragged Nazi behind a building and pinned him

to the wall. He forced the smaller male's head to the side, biting harshly into his neck. Nazi let out a small moan, just barley there. USSR only pulled away when he was satisfied with the dark purple marks on Third's neck. "You're mine. Got it?" He whispered into Nazi's ear. "Yes sir~" Nazi purred. *Shut up, this is love.*

---

435 words. Wow, the longest chapter and it isn't even related to the story line. Haha, writers block.

Not Right

[image]

Oh no, another sAd chapter- I was in reading the other day and just not paying attention at all so I decided to write another part of this in my notebook for that class.

_____

Something wasn't right. From the moment he walked into the door he knew that. Today Germany had agreed to meet his father again. It was worth a try. But when he got there the door was wide open. He instantly felt a sense of dread. He stepped in, carefully to not step on the papers strewn about the floor. "Papa?" He called out like he used to when he had nightmares as a child. He kept walking, taking easy steps though he was shaking uncontrollably "P-Papa?..." He called again. He eventually reached the huge wooden door at the end of the Hall. His father's office. The door was cracked just slightly and there was a smell of death seeping from the door. Germany swallowed the thick spit building in his throat and opened the door. There he was, Germany's father, laying head down on his desk. Blood was covering the papers on his desk. A gun was laying on the floor. "No.. No.. No!" Germany ran to his fathers side, shaking him violently. "Papa!! Papa, please wake up!" Tears were streaming down the German's cheeks. Suddenly a handwritten note caught his eye. He picked it up to read it. It read: *Germany, I'm sorry. I've tortured you for your entire life and I didn't realize it until recently. I was so focused on making you like me that I never focused on making you happy. I was supposed to love you and I do. But I never showed you that. So for that, I'm sorry. You shouldn't have to put up with me anymore. So, I'm leaving. Forever. Goodbye Germany. I will always love you. - Your papa.* Germany's tears stained the already blood soaked paper. "Oh papa..." He put the paper down and just sat in the chair with his papa. He pulled the dead body close and held him tight. "Ich liebe dich, papa." He said as he leaned down on the desk. He fell asleep just like that.

_____

368 words. Ugh, so saaaaaddd. I hope my reading teacher doesn't find this in my notebook.

oops

[image] [image]

Let's not talk about how Germany passed out next to a dead body in the last chapter. Instead let's talk about my oc Otto who survived the Holocaust cuz he's immortal. If he wasn't he'd be dead cuz he's a Jewish homo-

"*I survived the Holocaust once dammit*"

Happy Holidays!!

[image]

Happy holidays you guys! I won't be uploading today or tomorrow because of the holidays but I'll get an update out soon enough! Have a good holiday, whatever you're celebrating! Love you guys!

Funeral

[image]

Wow, it's been forever since I updated this. So have some sAd-

---

Almost no one showed up for the funeral. Germany, Russia, America, and a few other people. One surpised him. Israel. Israel should have hated Reich so why was he here? The first thing he had done was hug Germany and say that he was sorry. "I'm sorry, really." He had said. "He might have hated me but I don't hold grudges." Germany thought about that and wished he was more like his friend. He held a grudge against his father and now he was dead. The funeral soon started and everyone got up to say a few words about Reich. Germany's turn soon came and he got up. "My father... Was no doubt a terrible person but... He loved me. It might not see possible but I know he did. He hated himself for torturing me all those years. I wish I could have forgiven him before-" He choked on his tears. "I'm sorry, I can't." He rushed out of the funeral home and outside. He sank down to the ground and sighed. He pulled the cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one. He never smoked before now. He took a drag an exhaled. Just then he heard giggling and Russia's voice. He walked around back to find Russia and America, making out. "Ru-Russia..." The Russian looked up and gasped. "Ger! It's not what it looks like!" He yelled. "WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?! IT'S MY FATHERS FUNERAL AND YOU-" He was shaking and crying with rage by this point. "Ger, come on-" Russia reached out to touch Germany's shoulder. "Get your fucking hands off me." He smacked Russia across the face. "I hope your happy. Now if you'll excuse me, my father just died." He walked back into the building. Israel saw that Germany was crying and went to comfort him, telling him that it was ok and that he could stay with him if he needed. The German agreed and hugged the Israelite. "Thank you. You're amazing." Israel smiled. "Of course. Anything for a friend."

---

355 words. This might turn into Israel x Germany, maybe. 👀👀

I'm not dead!

[image]

I- how long has it been since I updated this my writers block is not ok- but also my phones kinda broken. There's a huge black spot on the screen and a line going down it so I can't see what I'm typing really. But i will update as soon as I can, I swear-

I GOT A NEW PHONE!

[image]

Yup, I'm back luvs! Got a whole new phone, and yes, I'm updating soon! Stay tuned!

Bonding

[image]

Here's the update! It's currently 8:15 am and I didn't sleep last night, rip-

_____

Germany and Israel had been living together for a few months now. They had a little set up going. Germany cooked and cleaned while Israel brought home most of the money. Sure it made Germany feel like a house wife but he didn't mind. Currently they were both sitting in the living room playing Cuphead. **(I fuckin had to, I'm obsessed-)** They were stuck on King Dice's boss battle and they laughed when they lost. "Man, king dice is a coward." Germany giggled. "I mean he has nine other bosses fight you before you fight him!" Israel laughed. "You're right! His make up is fabulous though." Germs nodded. "Yup. He's pretty." He giggled. "Just like you." It took Israel a moment to process what he said. "I mean uh.. I..." Germany blushed dark red. "You think I'm pretty? Really?" Israel nodded a bit. "I mean you're very cute.. and funny.. and sweet.. an amazing cook. I'm glad you're here." Germany smiled. "Me too... you saved my life Iz." Israel blushed at the nickname but smiled. "Just helping a friend." Germany and Israel both enjoyed these moments they had.

_____

204 words. A short one but I'll hope you like it. I'll have to get used to uploading again.

Im working i swear

[image] [image]

Hey guys, Anders here! I know I promised that I'd get back to writing when I got a new phone but uh. I have major writers block along with just having other stuff to do. My dads have been fighting off and on lately and it upsets me so I'm not in any place to update this story. I do have some ideas written in my notes app on my phone so that's progress I suppose. I don't know where to go with this story and it might end up discontinued. I'll try to release another part soon but thank you guys so much for the support, here are my ideas:

Just tell me what ideas you like or request your own if you'd like, thanks for the support, love you guys - Anders

GUYS. LIFE UPDATE

[image]

Ok so. I'm so happy right now. Your lil trans boy is getting top surgery next March. AAAAAA. I've been waiting for this for so long. It feels like I finally get to escape my transphobic bio family and just be happy. I've gone to several gender specialists over these weeks and got approved for my surgery. I was so happy I started crying and didn't stop until we got home. I love all of you so much, and I hope you know I appreciate all of the love this dumb little story has gotten. I'm gonna keep you all updated! And I promise to write more soon!
- Anders

Anyone wanna roleplay :0

So, I'm hella bored and was wondering if anyone wants to rp with me?
My fandoms:
Cuphead
Dsaf
Fnaf
Overwatch
Bendy and the ink machine
Arcana
DND
Gorillaz
Country humans
Hetalia

My social media's:
Insta - m0nster_fuck3r
Twitter - lucifer99190464
Discord - irlfreddyfazbear 4113

My fandoms are in order of how likely I am to want to rp them at the moment. If you message me, tell me which fandom, and we can discuss a plot and such.
Love you guys 💔
- Anders

Maybe discontinuing this

[image]

Hey so, this book might be getting discontinued. I've been busy and stressed recently, and I just don't have the motivation to continue. I was thinking about making a book about some of my ocs, I feel like it would be easier for me to write that. Sorry, you guys, but when I do start my new book, I'll make a chapter with a link to it for you guys.

Also, as a treat. Have this thing I wrote a while ago.

Thoughts
I have a lot of thoughts about getting lost in caves
Or lying on the beach and letting the waves consume me

I have a lot of thoughts about decomposing.
Lying in the forest while the bugs eat my insides.

I have a lot of thoughts about car crashes.
The moment of silence you get before everything comes crashing down around you.

I have a lot of thoughts about death.
Beautiful and Cold
Harsh but forgiving

Death is king in this lonely world we all call home.
And someday she comes for all of us.
In order to keep balance this is how it has to be.

-Anders